

## THE HISTORY OF HIS LAUGH

She liberated the laugh in him. Before he met her, he never laughed. She took one look at him and she saw where the laugh was stuck like a kite in a tree. She hit him hard once on the back and the laugh dislodged. Since then, he laughs a lot. He's gotten to where he really enjoys laughing.

## PSYCHOLOGY OF THE WASHER

-- for Les Pearlstein

When he first met the washer, when he was just falling in love with it, he thought, "the way it sits there with its mouth open, why won't it talk to me?" He tried feeding it: Danish ice cream, frozen yoghurt, expensive chocolate. But not a word.

After a few months, he got firm with the washer. He told it, "our relationship is totally lopsided. I'm putting in all the effort. You aren't even trying to communicate." Still not a word, no answer.

He tried to get the washer to go with him to see a counselor. The washer wouldn't budge. He called it a narrow-minded defensive coward.

One night when he was alone with the washer, when he reached out to caress it, he stopped. He said, "it hurts me to say this, but our sex life bores me. If you can't at least try to make things better, I'm moving out."

Which he did, though it broke his heart. And since he couldn't really understand why their relationship hadn't worked, he went to see a counselor. He was told, "you have to learn to approach a washer as a washer. It is fine to love a washer, but you must listen to the needs of your washer, not just expect it to do what you want."

-- Hank Lazer

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